

Newport Mercury.

The Mercury.

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[illegible]

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

JAMES H. ROBERTS, HONORARY TREASURER
 Andrew B. Miskle, President; (table) J.
 Gustafson, Secretary; Steenwynd and all the
 day. 12, 10

Adjutant, THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veteran, Meets at Grand Thursday, Commander, Charles H. Holt, Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, 12

WOODWARD LODGE, No. 11, E. of W. - Quincy
D. Harvey, Chairman; Commander Robert
H. Franklin, Teacher of English - 4th Grade,
Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS, DIVISION, NO. 1, U. S. R. of P. H.
Knight Captain P. A. G. Burch, J. W.
Belward, Recorder. Stein and Sons, N.Y.

NEWPORT LAMEN, No. 27, Independent, Of
der House of Representatives, U.S. Sen., Presi-
dent, James W. Kearsley, Secretary, Steel
Plant in Providence

1. J. JOHNSON, 1, 1001 Franklin St., Dan-
ville; Treasurer, Daniel Russell, 1001 Franklin St.,
Danville.

Local Matters.

Drowned While Skating.

Antone Maury, a young sailor attached to the steam yacht Aloha, belonging to Commodore Arthur Currier James, was drowned while skating at Eaton pond on Tuesday evening, his one companion being unable to do anything to aid him. The body was recovered by the police within a short time.

Maury and a companion named William Yngor went to the pond to skate. They started at the dam near the Water Works road, and skated down toward the beach, Maury keeping well in toward the west bank, while Yngor stood well out toward the center of the pond. Suddenly Yngor heard a cry and on

Investigation found that Maury had broken through thin ice and disappeared. He cried for help and a woman living near the pond heard him and telephoned to the police station. The patrol wagon with several officers, was dispatched to the scene and quickly found the hole through which the man had disappeared.

After some delay a boat was obtained and the body was brought to the surface. In a short time, After Medical Examiner Sherman had viewed the body was removed to Cottrell's undertaking rooms.

board the yacht. His death cast a gloom over the men on board ship. Friends in Philadelphia were notified of his death and made arrangements for the burial.

William Ellery Chapter.

At the monthly meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on Tuesday evening at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Harry A. Titus, delegates and alternates were selected for the National Congress to be held at Washington April. Mrs. Titus and Mrs. P.

Stevens were named as delegates, the alternates are Mrs. R. Hammon Tilley, Miss Edith May Tilley, Mr. A. Lawton, Mrs. David T. Pinn, Mrs. Samuel N. Smith, Mrs. George Bryant, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Harvey J. Lockrow, Mrs. Albert Sherman, Mrs. Kate Burlingham.

The subject of the annual history contest for the prizes offered by the society and by Mrs. T. A. Lawton the High School, was announced "Comparative Study of French and English Colonial Methods." Enough applications for membership having been received to bring the Chapter a list

Captain Horace W. Arnold, for years keeper of the Conanicut Light, the town of Jamestown, died at home in the lighthouse on Wednesday having been ill with pneumonia about

week. He was 73 years of age and had been in the government employ for about sixty years, his service including three years in the army during the Civil War, a tour of duty at the Naval Station, during which he served under Admiral Dewey, and nearly twenty years in the lighthouse service.

was a member of Lawton-Warren
G. A. R., of this city.

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By
REX BEACH
Author of
"The Spoiler," "The Barrier,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

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PROLOGUE.

Panama as the home of the great canal we all know about, and now here's the zone as the scene of a rattling good romance. It's by Rex Beach, who jumps from Alaska to the tropics to tell about a young American and his friends and foes in the zone. The hero of this tale is the sort of fellow you like to read about—one who has the hard luck to get into all kinds of scrapes and the nerve and courage and wit to get himself out of them. And the heroine—there are two of her. One's an American, and the other's a member of a proud, haughty family of the upper native classes of the canal zone. Both are worth reading about.

Of course the other characters help along the yarn. If you have paid any sort of attention to the story of the digging of the "big ditch" you will recognize some of them.

CHAPTER I.

The Trail Divider.

It was a crisp November night. The artificial brilliance of Broadway was rivaled by a glorious moonlit sky. From the city's canyons came an incessant clanging roar.

In the lobby of one of the playhouses a woman paused to adjust her wraps, and, hearing the cries of the newsboys, impatiently exclaimed:

"I'm absolutely sick of football. That performance during the third act was enough to disgust me."

Her escort smiled. "Oh, you take it too seriously," he said. "Those boys don't mean anything. That was merely youth—irrepressible youth—on a tear."

The doors belched forth the football players and their friends. Out they came, tumbling, pushing, jostling, greeting scowls and smiles with grins of insolent good humor. The twenty athletes dodged in through the revolving doors of a cafe, leaving Broadway rocking with the tumult. All the city was football mad. It seemed, for no sooner had the newcomers entered the restaurant than the diners rose to wave napkins or to cheer. One said to his companions:

"That is Anthony—the big chap. He's Darwin K. Anthony's son. You've heard about the Anthony bill at Albany?"

"Yes, and I saw this fellow play football four years ago. Say! That was a game."

"It's a worthless sort of chap, isn't he?" remarked one of the women, when the squad had disappeared up the stairs.

"Just a rich man's son, that's all. He's twenty-six."

"Didn't I read that he had been sent to jail recently?"

"No doubt. He was given thirty days."

"What—in prison?" questioned another in a shocked voice.

"Only for speeding. It was his third offense, and his father let him take his medicine."

Up in the banquet hall, however, it was evident that Kirk Anthony was more highly esteemed by his mates than by the public at large. He was their hero, in fact, and in a way he deserved it. For three years before his graduation he had been the heart and sinew of the university team, and for the four years following he had coached them, preferring the life of an athletic trainer to the career his father had offered him. And he had done his chosen work well, his team winning the day's game against great odds.

It had been a tremendous spectacle, and when the final whistle blew for the multitude to come roaring down across the field, the cohorts had paid homage to Kirk Anthony, the coach to whom they knew the honor belonged.

Naturally, the newspapers gave the young man's story as well as a history of the game. They told of his estrangement from his father, of the Anthony anti-football bill which the old man in his rage had driven through the legislature and up to the governor himself. Some of them even printed a rebuke of the railroad man's famous magazine attack on the modern college.

The fact was that Kirk's associates were of a sort to worry any observant parent. In particular Anthony senior was prejudiced against a certain Adolbert Higgins, who, of course, was his son's best companion, adviser, aid and abettor. This young gentleman was a lean, horse-faced senior, whose broken solemnity of manner had more than once led strangers to mistake him for a divinity student, though closer acquaintance proved him wholly unamoral and rattle-brained.

It was Higgins this evening who, after the "crispiest" had deserted and the supper party had dwindled to perhaps a half dozen, proposed to make a

night of it, beginning with a visit to the Austrian Village. The college men selected a table and, shouldering the occupants aside without ceremony, seated themselves and pounded for a waiter.

Padden, the proprietor, came toward them, and, after greeting Anthony and Higgins by a shake of his left hand, ducked his round gray head in acknowledgment of an introduction to the others.

"Glad you dropped in," Mr. Padden assured them. "Anything you boys want and can't get let me know."

When he had gone Higgins averred: "There's a fine man—pencil, refined—got a lovely character too. Let's be gentlemen while we're in his place."

Ringold rose. "I'm going to dance, fellows," he announced, and his companions followed him, with the exception of the cadaverous Higgins, who maintained that dancing was a pastime for the frivolous and weak.

When they returned to their table they found a stranger was seated with him, who rose as Higgins made him known.

"Boys, meet my old friend, Mr. Jefferson Locke of St. Louis. He's all right."

The college men treated this new recruit with a bilious cordiality, to which he responded with the air of one quite accustomed to such courtesies.

"I was at the game this afternoon," he explained when the greetings were over, "and recognized you chaps when you came in. I'm a football fan myself. I just got into town this morning, and I'm sailing tomorrow. I couldn't catch a boat today, so I'm having a little blowout on my own account. When I recognized you all I just butted in. New York is a lonesome place for a stranger. Hope you don't mind my joining you."

"Not at all!" he was assured.

When he came to pay the waiter he displayed a roll of yellow backed bills that caused Anthony to caution him.

Locke only laughed. "There's more where this came from. However, that's one reason I'd like to stick around with you fellows. I have an idea I've been followed, and I don't care to be tapped on the head. If you will let me trail along I'll foot the bills. That's a fair proposition."

"Oh, come now," Anthony struck in. "You're more than welcome to stay with us if you like, but we can't let you put up for it."

The stranger, despite his avowedly festive spirit, showed a certain reserve. When the music again struck up he declined to dance, preferring to remain with Higgins in their inconspicuous corner.

"There's a fine fellow," the latter remarked, following his best friend's figure with his eyes, when he and Locke were once more alone. "Sweet nature."

"Anthony? Yes, he looks it."

"He's got just two faults. I always say—he's too modest by far, and he's lazy—won't work."

"He doesn't have to work. His old man has plenty of coin, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and he'll keep it too. Heartless old wretch!"

The dancers came crowding up to the table at the moment, and Ringold suggested loudly: "I'm hungry. Let's eat again."

"I just fixed it with Padden for a private room upstairs," Anthony said. "All the cafes are closed now, and this is the best place in town for chicken creole anyhow."

Accordingly he led the way, and the rest filed out after him. But as they left the ballroom a medium sized man who had recently entered from the street caught a glimpse of them, craned his neck for a better view, then fled along behind.

Anthony played the part of host more lavishly. Mr. Locke, however, insisted that his friends should partake of a kind of drink previously unheard of and with this in view had a confidential chat with the waiter, to whom he unostentatiously handed a five dollar retainer.

The men were at its noisiest when the man whom Locke had so generously tipped spoke to him quietly. His companions were too well occupied, however, to notice this byplay even when the waiter continued in a low tone:

"He slipped me a ten spot, so I thought it must be something worth while."

"He—he's alone, you say?"

"Seems to be. What shall I do sir?" Locke took something from his pocket and thrust it into the fellow's hand, while the look in his eyes changed to one of desperation.

"Step outside and wait. Don't let him come up. I'll call you in a minute."

Anthony caught a glimpse of Locke's eyes and inquired in surprise:

"What's wrong, old man? Are you sick?"

Locke shook his head. "I told you fellows I'd been followed this evening. Remember? Well, there's a man downstairs who has given the waiter \$10 to let him have his coat and apron so he can come in here. I think it's part of a plan to rob me."

Kirk Anthony rose suddenly, moving as lightly upon his feet as a dancer, and rang for the waiter.

"Give that chap your coat and apron," he ordered when the attendant answered, "and when I ring next send him up. Pass the word to Padden and the others not to notice any little disturbance. I'll answer for results."

The white faced Locke sank back into his chair, while Anthony directed sharply:

"Now, gentlemen, be seated. Here, Locke, your back to the door; your face looks like a chalk mine. There's now don't be so nervous; we'll cure this fellow's ambition as a gin singer. I'll change names with you for a minute."

He pushed the button twice, and a moment later the door opened quietly to admit a medium sized man in white coat and apron.

The man allowed his eyes to shift uncertainly from one to another as if in doubt as to which was his quarry. Anthony did not dream that it was his own resemblance to the Missourian that led to this confusion; but, in fact, while he and Locke were totally unlike when

closely compared, they were of a similar size and coloring, and the same general description would have fitted both.

Having allowed the intruder a moment in which to take in the room, Kirk leaned back in his chair and nodded for him to approach.

"Are you Mr. Locke, sir?" inquired the new waiter.

"Yes," said Kirk.

"Telephone message for you, Mr. Locke," the waiter muttered. "They're holding the wire outside. I'll show you the booth."

"Oh, will you?" Kirk Anthony's hands suddenly shot out and seized the messenger by the throat. The man uttered a startled gasp, but simultaneously the iron grip of Marty Ringold fell upon his arms and doubled them behind him. The rest of the party were on their feet instantly, watching the struggle and crowding forward with angry exclamations.

"All the way from St. Louis for a telephone call, eh?" Anthony sank his thumbs into the stranger's throat; then, as the man's face grew black and his contortions diminished, added: "We're going to make a good waiter out of you."

Jefferson Locke broke in exultantly: "Choke him good! Choke him that tight. Put him out for keeps. For God's sake, don't let him go!"

But it was not Kirk's idea to strangle his victim beyond a certain point. He relaxed his grip after a moment and, nodding to Ringold to do likewise, took the fellow's wrist himself, then swung him about until he faced the others. The man's lungs filled with fresh air, he began to struggle once more, and when his voice had returned he gasped:

"I'll get you for this. You'll do a trick!" He mumbled a name that did not sound at all like Jefferson Locke, whereupon the Missourian made a rush at him that required the full strength of Anthony's free hand to thwart.

"Let me go," the stranger gasped. "I'll take you all in. I'm an officer."

"It's a lie!" shouted Locke. "He's a thief."



Seized the Masquerader by the Throat.

"I tell you I'm an officer. I arrest this—"

The words were cut off abruptly by a loud exclamation from Higgins and a crash of glass. Kirk Anthony's face was drenched, his eyes were filled with a stinging liquid; he felt his prisoner sink limply back into his arms and behold Higgins struggling in the grasp of big Marty Ringold, the foil covered neck of a wine bottle in his fingers.

The foolish fellow had been hovering uncertainly round the edges of the crowd, longing to help his friends and crazily anxious to win glory by some deed of valor.

"I've got him!" he cried joyously. "He's out!"

"Higgins!" Anthony exclaimed sharply. "What the devil?" Then the dead weight in his arms sobered him like a deluge of ice water.

"You've done it this time," he muttered.

"Good God!" Locke cried. "Let's get away! He's hurt!"

"Here, you!" Anthony shot a command at the speaker that checked him half way across the room. "Ringold, take the door and don't let anybody in or out. We're in bad now. I want Padden."

He stepped to the door and signaled a passing waiter. A moment later the proprietor knocked and Ringold admitted him.

"What the—" Padden started at sight of the motionless figure on the floor and, kneeling beside it, made a quick examination, while Anthony explained the circumstances leading up to the assault.

"Thief, eh? I see."

"Is he badly hurt?" queried Locke, bending a pale face upon them.

"Huh! I guess he's due for the hospital, the owner of the Austrian Village announced. "He had his nerve, trying to turn a trick in my place. I thought I knew all the dips, but he's a stranger." With nimble fingers he ran through the fellow's pockets, then continued:

"I'm glad you got him, but you'd better get together and rehearse before the police!" He stopped abruptly once more, then looked up curiously.

"What is it?" questioned the man from Missouri.

Padden pointed silently to the lapel of the fellow's vest, which he had turned back. A nickel and half was pinned upon it. "He's no thief; he's a detective—a plain clothes man!"

The crowd looked nonplussed, with the exception of Jefferson Locke, who became calmer than at any time since

the waiter had first whispered into his ear.

"We didn't know who he was," he began hurriedly. "You must square it for us, Padden. I don't care what it costs." He extended a bulky roll of banknotes toward the gray haired man. "These boys can't stand this sort of thing and neither can I. I've got to sail at 10 o'clock this morning."

"Locke, to me like you've croaked him," said the proprietor, ignoring the proffered money.

"It's worth \$1,000 to me not to miss my boat."

"Wait a minute," Padden emptied the unconscious man's pockets, among other things of some telegrams and a legally folded paper. The latter he opened and scanned swiftly, then turned his little eyes upon Locke without a word, whereupon that gentleman, with equal silence, took from his inside pocket a wallet and selected a bill, the denomination of which he displayed to the proprietor before folding it inside the bundle he held.

"Here! It may cost you something."

CHAPTER II.

A Gap.

PADDEN nodded and accepted the money, saying:

"Oh, I guess I can fix it. I know the right doctor, but you'll have to keep your traps closed, understand?"

"Will he die?" asked Ringold fearfully, his back still against the door.

"Not a chance. But if he does he'll never know who hit him. You see, we picked him up in the alley and brought him in." Padden winked meaningly. "It happens right along in this part of town."

"You chaps have done me a big favor tonight," said Locke a little later, when he and his companions were safely out of the Austrian Village, "and I won't forget it either. Now, let's finish the evening the way we began it."

Anderson, Rankin and Burroughs, to conceal their nervousness, pleaded bodily fatigue, while Anthony also declared that he had enjoyed himself sufficiently for one night and intended to go home and to bed. "That episode rather got on my nerves," he acknowledged.

"Alone too," assented Locke. "That's why you mustn't leave me. I just won't let you. Remember, you agreed to see me off."

"Right, fellows," Higgins joined in. "We agreed to put him aboard, and we must do it. Don't break up the party, Kirk."

"I don't want to go home," Ringold muttered.

"It's a breach of hospitality to go home," Higgins insisted. "Besides, after my bloody encounter with that limb of the law I need a stimulant. You must look after me."

Numbered as they were by the excesses of the evening, it did not take the young men long to lose all clear and vivid remembrance of this recent experience, for the time had come when nature was offering her last resistance, and their brains were badly awestruck. Of all the four, Jefferson Locke was the only one who retained his wits to the fullest—a circumstance that would have proved him the owner of a remarkably steady head had it not been for the fact that he had been cunningly substituted water for gin each time it came his turn to drink.

Dawn found them in an east side tenement drinking place frequented by the lowest classes. Ringold was slumbering peacefully on a table; Anthony had discovered musical talent in the bartender and was seated at a battered piano laboriously experimenting with the accompaniment to an Irish ballad; Higgins and Locke were talking earnestly. Locke, as usual, sat facing the entrance, his eyes watchful, his countenance alert. To a sober eye it would have been patent that he was laboring under some strong excitement, for every door that opened caused him to start, every stranger that entered made him quake.

"Grades fellow I ever met," Higgins was saying for the hundredth time. "Got two faults, Anthony; he's modest as he's lazy—he won't work."

"You and he are good friends, eh?"

"Best ever."

"Would you like to play a joke on him?"

"Joke? Can't be done. He's wiser guy ever. I've tried it an' always get the worst of it."

"I'll tell you how we can work it. I've got a ticket for Central America in my pocket. The boat sails at 10. Let's send him down there."

"Who for?"

Locke kept his temper with an effort. "To make a man of him. We'll go through his clothes, and when he lands he'll be broke. He'll have to work. Don't you see?"

"No," Anthony's friend did not see. "He don't want to go to Central America," he argued. "He's got a new automobile."

"But suppose we got him soured, went through his pockets and then put him aboard the boat. He'd be at sea by the time he woke up. He couldn't get back. He'd have to work. Don't you see? He'd be broke when he landed and have to rustle money to get back with. I think it's an awful funny idea."

The undeniable humor of such a situation finally dawned upon Higgins' mind.

"I'll get him full if you'll help man-ago it," Locke went on. "And here's the ticket." He tapped his pocket.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Bought it yesterday. It's first class and better, and he'll fit my description. We're about the same size. Wait."

Locke rose and went to the bar, where he called loudly for the singer. Then when the bartender had deserted the piano he spoke to Anthony: "Keep it up, old man. You're doing fine."

For some moments he talked earnestly to the man behind the bar. No one observed the transfer of another of those yellow bills of which he seemed to have an unlimited store.

Strangely enough, Mr. Jefferson Locke's plan worked without a hitch. Within ten minutes after Kirk Anthony had taken the drink handed him he declared himself sleepy and rose

from the piano, only to seek a chair, into which he flung himself heavily.

"It's all right," Locke told his drunken companion. "I've got a taxi waiting. We'll leave Ringold where he is."

Twenty-four hours later Adolbert Higgins undertook to recall what had happened to him after he left Muller's place on East Fourteenth street, but his memory was tricky. He recollected a vaguely humorous discussion of sound art with a stranger, the details of which were almost entirely missing. Unexpected and alarming occurrences made it imperative for him to terminate his connection with his college, so big Marty Ringold had done earlier in the day, and begin to pack his belongings. Partly out of deference to the frantic appeals of his widowed mother, partly owing to the telephoned advice of Mr. Michael Padden of Fifth avenue, who said the injured man had requested one of his menials, he booked passage to Japan by the next steamer out of Vancouver.

Briefly speaking, Kirk Anthony did not awake to a realization of his surroundings, but became conscious of them through a long process of dull, dreamy speculation. He said to himself:

"Now, begin all over again, Kirk. Ringold was very drunk. Good! Everything is clear so far. Next you were playing a piano with yellow teeth while somebody sang something about a 'little brown cat.' After that—Lord, you must have been drunk! Well, let's run through it again."

But his efforts were vain. He could recall nothing beyond the piano, so fell to wondering what hotel this could be.

"Some east side joint," he decided, "and a cheap one, too, from the size of this stall." He noted another brass bed close at hand and reasoned that Ringold or Higgins must have been early, leaving him to finish his sleep. That was considerable, of course, but—Good heavens, it must be later. And he was due to sail to New Haven at noon! He roused himself suddenly and was half out of bed when he felt back with a cry as if an unseen hand had written him. He clapped both palms to his head, realizing that he was very sick indeed. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever felt before. His head was splitting, he felt a frightful nausea, the whole room was rocking and reeling as if to pitch him out of bed. It was terrible, so he arose blindly and felt his way toward the telephone. Pulling to find it, he pushed a button instead, then tumbled back to bed. He heard the door open and a voice lighted:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"An hour ago. Haven't you more than one bellhop in this place?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And I'm sick, mighty sick. I'm going to die."

"I think not, sir. The others are sick too."

"Can I get you something, sir—a little champagne, perhaps, to settle your stomach?"

Anthony opened his eyes. "Hello! Are you the clerk?" Instead of the bellhop he had expected he beheld a man in white jacket and black trousers.

"No, sir, I'm the steward."

The invalid shook his head faintly. "Furnish place I've got into. What's the name of it?"

"This? Oh! The Santa Cruz."

"Never heard of it. Why didn't they give me a good room? This is deuce."

"Suit A is considered very good, sir. It is one of the best on the line."

"Line?" Kirk grinned. "So this is some dead line dump. Well, I'm going to get out—understand? Hand me my trousers and I'll slip you a quarter."

The steward did as desired, but a blind search showed the pockets to be empty.

"Give me the coat and vest." But here again Kirk found nothing and was forced to apologize. "I'm getting sicker every minute."

"Perhaps you had better have the doctor?"

"Is there a good one handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here in the hotel?"

"This is a ship."

"A—what?" Anthony raised himself and stared at the white clad figure over the foot of his little brass bed.

"This is a ship, sir."

"You got out of here?" yelled the infuriated young man. The steward retreated hastily to the door.

"I beg pardon, sir. I will send the doctor at once."

"Must think I'm still drunk," mumbled Anthony dazedly as he once more laid his head upon his pillow with a groan.

When his dizziness had diminished sufficiently to permit him to open his eyes he scanned his surroundings more carefully. There were unfamiliar features about this place. While it was quite unlike an ordinary hotel room, neither did it resemble any steamship stateroom he had ever seen; it more resembled a lady's boudoir. To be sure, he felt a sickening surge and roll now and then, but at other times the whole room made a complete revolution, which was manifestly contrary to the law of gravitation and therefore not to be trusted as evidence. The door opened for a second time and a man in uniform entered.

"I am the doctor."

"I'm sick—awful sick, doctor."

The stranger pulled up a stool, seated himself beside the bed, then felt of Anthony's cheek.

"You have a fever."

"That explains everything. How are the other boys coming on?"

"Everybody is laid out. It's a bad night."

"Night? It must be nearly daylight by this time."

"Oh, no! It is not midnight yet."

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DURING WEEK OF MARCH 23

Murderer Schmidt to Be Executed at Sing Sing

GIVES TWO LINES OF POETRY

Happened to Newspaper Men's Question as to Whether He Wishes to Make Statement—Taken Sentence With No Show of Emotion—Motions of Counsel Denied

John Schmidt, a priest, convicted of murdering Anna Ammer, a domestic at St. Anthony's Catholic church at New York, was sentenced to die in the electric chair at Sing Sing some time during the week beginning March 23.

Justice Davis, in the criminal branch of the supreme court, pronounced sentence after Schmidt, through his counsel, T. J. McManus, announced he had nothing to say.

Just before Schmidt was called into court, the newspaper men sent him a message asking him if he wished to make a statement. He sent back a carefully penned note as follows:

"Beyond this vale of tears there is a life above, unmeasured by the flight of years, and all that life is love."

Schmidt took his sentence with absolute no show of emotion. He stood erect before Davis and looked straight at him, taking no notice whatever of any one else around him.

When Davis put the question: "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" he merely leaned slightly forward. There was a pause, and McManus moved for a new trial, and a stay of sentence. Both motions were denied.

Immediately sentence was pronounced, Deputy Sheriff Bowers stepped to the priest-murderer's side with a pair of handcuffs. Schmidt turned to Bowers and coolly held out his hands.

The prisoner wore a fur overcoat with a white muffer about his neck. His beard, grown since he was arrested, was tucked into the collar of the overcoat. His whole appearance was vastly improved since he was last in court.

Schmidt was taken to Sing Sing.

GIFT OF \$2,000,000

Carnegie Church Union to Promote International Peace

Andrew Carnegie announced the gift of \$2,000,000 to be used through the churches for the promotion of international peace. The income of the fund, about \$100,000 a year, will be expended by a board of twenty-six trustees, representing all the leading religious denominations in the United States.

The gift is in addition to the \$10,000,000 foundation established by Carnegie Dec. 4, 1910, "to hasten the abolition of international war." The announcement was made at the close of a luncheon at Carnegie's home, attended by the trustees of the new foundation. The trustees organized "The Church Peace Union," which will be incorporated under the laws of New York state.

ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR

Room is Launched at Meeting of New York Progressives

An entire Progressive ticket will be placed in the field at the New York state election next fall. Theodore Roosevelt was suggested as the Progressive candidate for governor.

The former president was referred to by John S. Van Dusen of Elmira, who launched the boom for "the gentleman in South America."

Van Dusen urged that the party work without taking Roosevelt into its confidence and give him a "surprise" upon his return home. In the interest of the party he would not refuse the nomination, the speaker thought, and his acceptance of it would mean a sweeping victory for the Progressives in this state this year and a national triumph in 1916.

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

Trousers Reaching to Knee Worn Underneath Silk Skirt

"Warm and discreet," said New York modistes of the "trousers-trotter" suit for women, which has just arrived from Paris.

It consists of a skirt—slit almost to the knee—with modesty appeased by a pair of trousers underneath. The trousers are creased, but deceptive in that they reach only to the knee, where they are held by elastic bands.

ORIGIN STILL A MYSTERY

No Cause Found For \$100,000 Fire in a Boston Church

Final investigation of the fire ruins of the Second Universalist church at Boston, before wreckers tackled the walls and braces, made the origin of the \$100,000 fire a mystery.

The electric wire theory was set aside when it was found that the only electrical equipment in the church was a dry battery for sparking gas jets. The organ was pumped by water motor. No motive for an incendiary has been found.

A Wee Mite of Humanity

Mrs. John Doe of Charleston, W. Va., gave birth to a twenty-ounce child. The baby is said to be the smallest healthy child within the knowledge of local medical men.

Five Children at One Birth

Five children, three boys and two girls, were born to Mrs. Bertha Drury, wife of a Spencer county, Ky., farmer. The two girls died.

GREATER BOSTON HAS MANY FIRES

Property Loss Will Reach More Than \$90,000

More than a score of fires in Greater Boston brought suffering and large property losses before the first of the winter could overcome the fire of the flames.

The greatest losses and hardest hit occurred at Roxburyville and Arlington, where houses fell prey to flames, necessitating double alarms to cope with the situation.

Hundreds of people are homeless, in many places hot water had to be supplied by people in the neighborhood of the fires to thaw the pipes and valves in order that the water might be obtained to check the flames.

In Chelsea the department was called upon eight times in eight separate fires. In Malden there were five calls, while Newton, Medford and other places about Boston had many calls to their credit.

In Boston proper the fire apparatus answered many calls, although a majority of the fires were of small proportions. The property loss is upward of \$90,000.

HAS NEW DIET RULE

Edison Credits It With Giving Him Good Health and Strength

On his 77th birthday Thomas A. Edison, who is in excellent health, revealed a new rule of diet which he has followed for two years and which he credits with giving him health and strength. It is simply this:

"Reduce your food from eighteen to twenty ounces—what the normal healthy person consumes in a day—to nine or ten ounces of plain, nutritious food."

The world's greatest inventor refused to take a day off to celebrate his birthday, but worked as usual in his laboratory.

WHISKEY DOES NOT KILL

Belief of Woman Whose Husband Took Forty Drinks a Day

Mrs. Shaw, wife of Robert Shaw, a millionaire, telling of her domestic troubles in a Chicago court, testified that her husband often drank eight or nine whiskies "in a row" before breakfast.

"For seven or eight years," she testified, "he has regularly drunk thirty to forty drinks of whiskey a day. I have heard whiskey kills people, but I can hardly believe it now. I made a settlement with him for \$100,000, which he gave me."

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

A Carnegie library at Northfield, Eng., was destroyed by suffragettes. The Moncton, N. B., Presbyterian society lost its church by fire for the second time. The building was valued at \$60,000. The cause of the fire is not known.

Premier Asquith again refused British official participation in the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Robert Thelen, a German aviator, made at Johannisthal, Ger., what is said to be a world's altitude record for a flight in an aeroplane with four passengers. He attained a height of 3350 feet.

The interstate commerce commission ordered an investigation into the transportation conditions over the Maine Central railroad respecting shipments of lumber to various destinations in New England.

By 232 to 42, the house passed the Shakerford good roads bill, authorizing the secretary of agriculture to spend \$25,000,000 annually in maintaining rural post roads.

A mid-air collision between a biplane and a monoplane over the aerodrome at Johannisthal, Ger., caused the death of one German aviator and serious injuries to two others.

Fire destroyed the cottonseed house of the Farmers and Millers' Cottonseed Oil company at Birmingham, Ala. The loss is \$149,000.

APPRAISAL TOO LOW

Claim of Vermont State Treasurer in Telephone Tax Appeal

State Treasurer DeWitt of Vermont appealed, on behalf of the state, from the first appraisals of telephone properties ever made in that state for the purpose of taxation.

DeWitt alleges that the fair and just value of the rights, franchises and property of the eighty-eight telephone companies in the state is in excess of \$3,331,325, the total valuation as fixed by Tax Commissioner Plumley.

IN JIM BLUDSOE STYLE

River Steamboat Captain Saves Many Lives but Loses His Own

Captain Barry of the river steamboat Dem, which took fire in the Mississippi, ten miles above New Orleans, stuck to the wheel, clad only in his night clothes, and piloted the boat to shore, saving nineteen lives.

Five who perished besides himself died because they became panic stricken and leaped into the water.

Barry was a river pal of Mark Twain and is mentioned in several of his books. John Hays' "Jim Bludsoe" was Barry's favorite poem. It was framed in the pilot house where the captain lost his life. He was 65 years old.

"Toothbrush" Mustaches Barred The wearing of "toothbrush mustache" was forbidden to the soldiers of Emperor William's bodyguard regiment by an order just issued. The reason given was that it was non-German.

BY MAJORITY OF 78

Unionists Meet Defeat in the First Test on Home Rule

The first test vote on Irish home rule in the present session of the British parliament came at the end of a fierce debate and resulted in a victory for the Irish cause.

The vote was 333 to 255, a majority of seventy-eight for the government, and it came directly on the amendment to the reply to the speech from the throne which was moved by a Unionist leader. The amendment was to the effect that before proceeding any further with the home rule bill it should be submitted to "the judgment of the country"—in other words, that there should be a general election, with home rule as the issue.

GOTHAM GUNMEN IN BOLD HOLDUP

Seven, Heavily Armed, "Slick Up" Cafe at Midnight

RIVAL IS FATALLY WOUNDED

Gangster's Then Take \$4000 in Cash and Jewelry From Patrons and Flea, Closely Pursued by Police, Who Succeeded in Landing Three of Them—"Gungli" Is the Latest

New York gunmen broke into the holdup game in wild and woolly western style when seven of them, armed with revolvers, slungshots and knives, "sleek up" and slugged patrons of the Tripoli restaurant of \$4000 in cash and jewelry and fatally stabbed Anthony Celentano as the result of a blood feud. In a hot street chase policemen captured three of the gunmen who fled when their victims screamed.

Celentano, his wife and the usual crowd of midnight diners were seated at tables at the Tripoli when seven gunmen walked in, ranged themselves about the walls of the little cafe and drew revolvers.

"There's that," said one, walking over to the table where Celentano, who recently shot a gunman to death in Chinatown, was sitting. An Celentano, while with fear, arose, the gunman plunged his knife several times into Celentano's side and abdomen and he crumpled up on the floor.

"That's all for that," said the gangster's leader. "Now, you," turning to the horrified crowd, "hands up!" Every person in the place was then robbed, Raymond Perretto, the proprietor, losing the contents of his cash register, and the bandits broke for the door. As they fled the women in the place screamed in chorus and three policemen ran in.

They undertook in an instant and bolted for the Bowery, up which the gunmen, separated, were in full flight. Each policeman marked down his man and each captured him. At the police station they gave their names as Sylvia Tagliagamba, Leo Halligan and Antonio Santini.

Santini was identified as the man who stabbed Celentano, who, apparently, was rushed to St. Vincent's hospital while the gangsters were placed in cells. Only a small part of the booty captured was recovered, the four who escaped apparently having carried most of the loot.

Special details of police immediately started to scour the lower East side in a determined search to round up and capture the remainder of the gang.

The gungli is also here. The first of them is locked up here after a police raid in the Bronx. She is Edna Brown, pretty, vivacious and 19.

When the police heard of the Rachelet's club ball they attended and searched all the guests for firearms. Several guns were collected from the men. Then, on a tip, Edna was taken in. A pistol was found in her stocking.

MUST ENFORCE RULES

Belnap Declares It to Be the Duty of Railroad Officials

It is not sufficient for a railroad to have good rules, but "it is the duty of the officials to know whether or not the rules are observed."

This was declared in a report to the interstate commerce commission by H. W. Belnap, chief inspector of safety appliances, upon the accident on the Vermont Central railway near Georgia, Vt., on Nov. 16 last, when one fireman and one trespasser were killed and two employees were injured.

The wreck was due to the failure of Conductor Holland and Engineer Brown of the northbound train, No. 14, to comply with orders, according to Belnap.

After spending forty years in the ministry, eighteen of which he was a missionary in China, Rev. George L. Maxon died at Watertown, Mass.

L. R. Jewett, a retired sea captain, who had made many trips around the world, died at his home at Norwich, Conn.

Thomas Fallon, 70, grand trustee of the grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, a veteran of the Civil war and a well known fraternal man of Boston, dropped dead.

The church of Our Lady of Safe Voyages, a Portuguese Catholic church at Gloucester, Mass., was burned, with a loss of \$35,000. The fire started from an overheated furnace.

Mrs. Maude T. Chesley committed suicide by shooting at Concord, N. H. She was 39 years of age and on Jan. 10 last married Irving T. Chesley, a local contractor.

The body of Miss Genevieve Allis, an artist, was found in the Housatonic river at Derby, Conn. It is believed she committed suicide.

Frank P. Jones, aged 30, was killed by a moving freight train at Worcester, Mass., run over and killed.

Isaac C. Perry, one of the last survivors of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan in 1854, died at the age of 74 at his home in Middleton, Mass.

NEW TUBERCULOSIS CURE?

Powder Extracted From Cow's Spleen Said to Be Beneficial

A tuberculosis cure is suggested by a discovery made by Dr. Van Stokem of Rotterdam hospital, who placed a cow's spleen beneath X-rays and extracted therefrom gray powder formed under the influence of the rays.

This powder was administered with good results in cases of tuberculosis in the lungs and bones.

CONFESS KILLING OF CHINESE MERCHANT

Robbery the Motive of Two Men, According to Police

A confession by Elmer Rushlow and William Dennis that they were the slayers of Chai Kim, a Chinese storekeeper, was announced by the police of St. Albans, Vt.

Kim was found dead in his store, his head having been battered in. A glove left in the place is said by the police to have furnished the clue which led to the arrest of Rushlow and Dennis.

According to the police, the men said they went to Kim's second-hand goods shop and asked to look at a fur coat. As the Chinaman turned to get the garment, Rushlow struck him over the head with a coupling pin. The two men stole some watches, burying their plunder in the railroad yards.

ALDERMEN HAVE TO ACT

Young Smallpox Patient Finally Lands in Providence Hospital

A special meeting of the Providence board of aldermen had to be called before Charles Barszegski, the 5-year-old son of a shoemaker, could be removed from his home because he was found to be suffering from smallpox.

Two trips were made to the house by the ambulance, but the parents of the boy stoutly refused to allow him to be taken away.

Mayor Gainer then called a special meeting of the board of aldermen, who passed a resolution directing the superintendent of health to remove the child to the hospital. With the aid of two policemen the boy was finally removed.

COAST TO THEIR DEATH

Bodies of Two Little Brothers Are Found in a Boston Pond

A little red tam-o'-shanter frozen in the ice of Muddy pond, in Boston, led to the discovery of the bodies of Robert and Herbert Coleman.

Robert, 8, and Herbert, 6, asked their mother, who is housekeeper for Congressman Peters, if they might go coasting on the hills nearby. She gave them permission after warning them against the dangers of sliding near Muddy pond. They promised to be careful and trudged off. That was the last seen of them alive. They had coasted into an alrthow.

FOLDERS' STRIKE SETTLED

Fourteen Hundred to Resume Work After Six Weeks' Idleness

It was announced, following a conference at Fall River, Mass., between officers of the American Print Works corporation and representatives of the striking folders, that a settlement had virtually been arrived at and that the strikers would return to work Monday.

The strikers get no increase in wages, but working conditions will be so altered as to affect the payment schedule. More than 1400 hands were thrown out of work as a result of the strike, which lasted six weeks.

NO BUTLER STATUE

Bay State Senate Votes Down Bill For Memorial to Soldier

The bill providing for a memorial statue to the late General Benjamin F. Butler, former governor of Massachusetts, was defeated in the Massachusetts senate on a voice vote.

Senator Horgan made the fight for the resolve. Senator Williams opposed it. Each senator attacked the other in debate.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

John Lovejoy, four times mayor, was nominated for re-election by the Rockland, Me., Republican majority caucus.

After spending forty years in the ministry, eighteen of which he was a missionary in China, Rev. George L. Maxon died at Watertown, Mass.

L. R. Jewett, a retired sea captain, who had made many trips around the world, died at his home at Norwich, Conn.

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Savings Accounts.

Deposits made on or before February 15 draw Interest from February 1st.

DIVIDENDS FEBRUARY AND AUGUST.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits over \$7,000,000

Deposits over 48,000,000

Industrial Trust Company,

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MRS. HARTJE WEDS

CHUM OF HER SON

Woman Who Won Sensational Divorce Suit Again a Bride

Mrs. Scott Hartje, who won in a sensational divorce suit lasting four years, prosecuted by her former husband, Augustus Hartje of Pittsburgh, and then got a divorce herself, is now the wife of Stanley Howard, who was the chum of her son.

The couple were married in Pasadena, Cal., and will live there, where the husband will go into business. Mrs. Hartje is 40 years old. The bridegroom is said to be 22.

In his suit against her, Augustus Hartje charged the wife with indiscretions with the family coachman. After a long contest the suit and decree were won by Mrs. Hartje. She was awarded \$160,000 from her husband's estate.

Local Corn Show Ends.

The local Corn Show that had been in progress for some time in the Marsh store on Broadway came to a close last Saturday evening, when Professor Adams of the State College awarded the ribbons to the winning exhibits, and afterward gave an interesting address on the growing of corn. The first and second prizes for Dent Corn went to Julian F. Peckham and William C. Peckham & Co. for Long Cap Rhode Island & R. W. Smith and P. A. Brown; and for Short Cap Rhode Island to Hardsley Gifford and John F. Case. There were 31 exhibits, and the show was worth examining, the principal purpose of the exhibit being to discover the best seed corn of the local Rhode Island crop, seed being very scarce this year.

TRAPPED FOR THREE DAYS

Maine Farmer Imprisoned in Windmill of Own Invention

Imprisoned for three days and nights in the tower of a windmill he had neglected to invent a method of stopping the machinery, Edwin Pike, a Wellington, Me., farmer, was rescued, at the point of exhaustion, when the wind stopped blowing.

Pike's neighbors gathered about the tower, and their voices, drowned by the noise of the mill, prayed for their fellow townsman, whose agonized face could be seen at frequent intervals through openings in the structure.

The man suffered terribly from his experience, and as a result Mrs. Pike intends to have the mill destroyed.

TRICK OF A HOTEL BEAT.

Plausible Scheme by Which He Swindled the Confiding Clerk.

A story detailing how relentlessly the detective department of the American Hotel Protective Association trails bad debts was told recently by a Cincinnati hotel man.

It appears that a man who registered as "John B. Smith, New York," failed to pay a bill of \$50. As the building of New York are almost as countless as the sands of the beach, the finding of the particular "John B." wanted was looked upon as a herculean task. However, the signature was traced on paper and sent to various cities. Finally the owner of that particular signature registered at a hotel in the north. He was promptly made to pay the bill.

A hotel "beat" used the business letter scheme to swindle hotel keepers. His trick was to open a letter in front of the clerk, ink out a check and then allow the clerk to read the letter. The missive, presumably from a big business house, gave the recipient a rebuke for not turning in more orders. "Now what do you think of that?" the swindler would say, abounding in anger. Then he would have the check cashed without question. The manager of the hotel, however, recalled getting a warning about the letter swindle and caused the arrest of the guest after the money had been turned over to him. It developed that the man had forged and passed sixty-six checks with great profit to himself. He was convicted.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

BELTED AND COATLESS.

Pen Picture of the Typical American by an English Artist.

The American as a race walk better than the English—more freely, with a taking swing and almost with grace. How much of this is due to living in a democracy and how much to wearing no braces it is very difficult to determine.

But certainly it is the land of belts and therefore of more loosely moving bodies.

Also Americans take their coats off, which is sensible, and they can do it the more beautifully because they are belted and not braided. They take their coats off everywhere and anywhere, and somehow it strikes the visitor as the most symbolic thing about them. They have not yet thought of discarding collars, but they are unashamedly shirt-sleeved.

Any sculptor seeking to figure this republic in stone must carve in future a young man, open faced, pleasant and rather vulgar, straw hat on the back of his head, his trousers full and sloppy, his coat over his arm. This motto written beneath will be, of course, "This is some country."

The philosophic gazer on such a monument might get some way toward understanding the making of the Pan-American union, that exploit that no European nation could have carried out.—Westminster Gazette.

A Haunted Library.

One of the most curious "hauntings" occurs in a northern castle of great antiquity, where Mary, queen of Scots, resided when she was being conveyed a prisoner through England. It is manifested in the library and takes the form that the books cannot be kept in order. They move about or are moved about from shelf to shelf. If you arrange the works of Shakespeare in correct order on one shelf by next morning the volumes are scattered anyhow on different shelves. This has gone on for years. At different times the library has been searched and looked, watches have been set all night, servants have come and gone, but the mysterious occurrence goes on and is veiled for, not by the family, but by the guests who have stayed in the house. There is no legend to account for it.—London Mail.

Dodged His Own Rules.

Gladstone's suggestions on the art of speaking, communicated to a correspondent in 1876, are remarkable as beginning with two which few orators ever more persistently violated—"First, study plainness of language, always preferring the simple word; second, shortness of sentences; third, distinctness of articulation; fourth, test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critic or opponent; fifth, seek a thorough digestion of and familiarity with your subject and rely mainly on these to prompt the proper words; sixth, remember that if you are to sway an audience you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch them all along."—London Graphic.

That Poole Story.

In his book, "My Memories," Lord Suffield, who was considered "the very pink and model of fashion," sets us right about the well known story of Poole, the tailor, which is sometimes attributed to the Prince of Wales:

"As a matter of fact, it was not the Prince of Wales, nor was I the witty author of the repartee. The true story is that Poole went down to Bradgate park to visit Lord Stamford, and on his return he was asked by Alfred Montgomery, the witliest man of his age, how he had enjoyed his visit and whom he had met. 'Well, sir,' replied Poole, 'the fact is that the company was rather mixed.' 'But, — it all, my good fellow,' retorted Montgomery, 'surely you did not expect them all to be tailors?'

Victoria Water Lilies.

The giant water lilies which are known now as Victorias, after the late queen of England, are natives of the warmer portions of South America, where they thrive in lagoons and in the quieter portions of rivers. Haecke, a German botanist, first reported their discovery in 1801 and started all Europe by his description of their gigantic leaves and flowers. Almost half a century elapsed in fruitless experiments to introduce the plant into the old world when in 1849 the first flower opened on the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Chatsworth, England.

HE POSES IN THE ALPS.

The "Dear Old Shepherd" Who Does It For a Consideration.

Nearly every adventurer upon the Alps nowadays carries a camera. It is a sign of the times. People have become obsessed with the importance of realities, and the camera is the only possible agent to enable you to show realities to your friends. It is not of much use to tell them about some strange sight or of some curious conformation of nature you may have met in your climb. You must show it to them.

A feature of the Alps today is the number of worthies who earn their bread by means of the camera. There is an old man at Grindelwald, for instance, who makes quite a comfortable competency by standing in front of his chalet when visitors intent with cameras are coming up the side of the mountain and blowing upon a tremendous horn.

"How very quaint!" exclaims the unsusppecting tourist. "The dear old shepherd is calling home the cows." The dear old shepherd, however, is a man of sound business principles. He doesn't drag his antiquated instrument about his house for the fun of the thing. Neither does he perform upon it for the benefit of his flock and herds, for he owns none. But he will tell you frankly, when you ask him to stand "quite still," that he will very willingly pose in whatever manner you like, but you must first pay him a couple of francs for his trouble. That old man is probably the best known character in the Grisons and the hero of many local tales.—Wide World Magazine.

BUTT AND HIS BANKNOTES.

Isaac Was a Great Orator, but Was Careless With Money.

Some amusing anecdotes are told of Isaac Butt, the famous Irish orator, in "The Life of Old Dublin," by Mr. James Collins. The author recalls the fact that Butt was very careless in regard to money and repeats a reminiscence which he heard from the late Judge Adams:

"Poor Isaac Butt was a man of splendid genius, but, as all the world knew, careless to the last degree in money matters. I was in Youghal when the election petition was tried there, and Butt was counsel for Mr. Weggelin. At the close of the trial Mr. Butt was handed his check, running to several hundred pounds. The moment he got it he went over to one of the banks and cashed it.

"Butt was staying at the house of a Youghal gentleman, and in the morning he put his hand in his pocket and found the money was gone. I shall never forget the humiliation that followed. Consternation, suspicion, bedlam swept through the house. And in the middle of it all, just as the police were being summoned, the young son of the house turned up with the missing banknotes.

"It had been a windy night, the window shook in the loose frame, and Butt, moved by the noise, got up, stuffed the first wind of paper he could find between the frame and the casement, went to bed again and forgot all about it."

Not What Was Meant.

A certain doctor, who is, on his own frank admission, "the ugliest man in four counties," has a keen sense of humor which enables him to enjoy many real and unconscious reflections upon his facial deficiencies.

Once, after he had arrived too late to succeed a poor woman who had been killed in a factory, the local newspaper published an ambiguous account of the case, which the doctor, with grim appreciation, preserved.

Having first described how the woman had come by her injuries, the paragraph went on to say:

"Strong hopes were entertained of saving her life until Dr. P. arrived, but these hopes unfortunately proved ill founded, for the moment the doctor showed his face within the door the poor woman fell back with a gasp and expired."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trick of the Orator.

Disraeli, whose eloquence Lord Curzon ranks below that of Gladstone, tried hard to give his hearers the impression that he was not in the habit of preparing his speeches. Discussing Plunket's oratory with Disraeli, Lord Granville remarked that the Irish statesman hesitated so long for a word that he seemed to be on the point of breaking down. "Lord bless you!" Disraeli exclaimed. "Did that take you in? Why, that is part of the trick. I have often done it to make it appear that my speech has not been prepared."—London Chronicle.

What They Needed.

"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?"

The response was immediate and enthusiastic. "Another candidate!" yelled the audience.—Toronto World.

Preparation.

Guest—So your fellow keeper Page is going to be married, is he? Gamekeeper—Aye, sir, that he be. He wor prayed for in church four the second time Sunday last.—London Mail.

Two Questions.

"Do you believe the theory that doctors have a right to kill where they can not cure?"

"Haven't they always been doing it?"—Boston Transcript.

The night is long that never finds the day.—Shakespeare.

Family Affair.

She—Are they happy together? He—Well, he stays in every evening. She—Then they must be. He—But she goes out.—Judge.

Fortune displays our virtues and our vices as light makes all objects apparent.—La Rochefoucauld.

RIGHT UNDER OLD SOL.

They Were in Blazing Sunlight, Yet Cast No Shadows.

Every one knows that when a person stands in the full sunshine his body casts a shadow which will be either short or long, according as the sun is high in the heavens or near the horizon at sunrise or sunset. A little thought will bring it home to the reader that, obviously, if the sun is exactly vertical over a person's head, there can be no shadow.

But the problem is to determine when and where this shall be the state of things. As regards the "where," that must evidently be at some place on the earth in the tropics, and the "when" must be the hour of midday. To get these two things to concur by prearrangement is a matter of no small difficulty.

But as a matter of fact they did concur on a day in February, 1913—namely, the 13th, when a scientist, W. D. Gibbs, was in midocean in latitude 15 degrees south, the sun's declination being also about 15 degrees south.

A photo, reproduced in the London Strand, represents Gibbs and another man standing bolt upright on the deck facing one another, and clearly shows the absence of any sign of a lateral shadow—in other words, it proves that the ship was in such a latitude that the sun was vertically overhead and that the time was noon, when the sun was at its highest altitude as between east and west.—Exchange.

SAVE YOUR APPENDIX.

This Mysterious Organ May Prove to Be a Valuable Gland.

The appendix is not a useless organ undergoing degeneration, as has been hitherto supposed, but is a valuable gland, and persons should think twice before having it removed. This is a part of a report presented to the French Academy of Sciences by Dr. Perrier.

Another well known French scientist, the late Dr. Lucas-Champagnier, warned the medical world some years ago that the appendix probably was underserving of present day contempt, yet he was unable to establish the possible function of this small and mysterious organ.

Dr. Perrier's report is based upon studies made by Dr. Robinson. The latter collected the mucous secretions from a large number of appendices removed at the hospitals and prepared a serum which, on being injected into animals, was found to stimulate the contractile movements of the intestines. Dr. Robinson, therefore, was convinced that the appendix cannot be cut out without seriously interfering with intestinal action, although he recognizes the necessity of operating when the gland is gangrenous or otherwise diseased.—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

Making a Present.

Lady Jersey was in her time one of the leaders of fashion, and her house was the resort of politicians and others. With her lived her daughter, Lady Clementine Villiers, a handsome and clever girl. The custom had been established that all friends should give the latter a present on her birthday, and these presents were set out in an antechamber. Among these friends was Lord Brougham, then an old man. He called on a birthday, but had forgotten what the occasion was, and had brought no present. Seeing a mass of presents laid out, he seized one of them and took it in as his present, rightly counting that the young lady would not remember that it was one that already had been given to her. And very proud he was of his presence of mind. But, then, he was an ex-lord chancellor.—London Truth.

"Occult" Information.

A. Henry Savage Landor may deny on geological grounds the existence of any "lost Atlantis," but there are among the theosophical and other occult fraternities people who will cheerfully draw you a map of the vanished land and give you a description of its people, their manners and customs. The information is obtained by various mystical methods—"revelations," clairvoyance, etc. Some years ago it was discovered by similar "occult" means that at the north pole itself the temperature was so mild that a "green island" existed there—a kind of arctic archipelago. It was all very interesting until Peary, the explorer, came on the scene and—but cold fact is always so unromantic.—London Chronicle.

Conscientious About It.

"Mr. Glizand," asked the caller, "are you carrying all the life insurance you can afford?"

"No," answered the man at the desk; "I can afford more, and I had expected to take out more, but from a note I got from my employer this morning I have begun to suspect that I'm carrying a good deal more than I am worth."—Chicago Tribune.

"Grate Victory For Sense."

Two large orchards, side by side, brought much profit to Farmer Turmut and much trouble for the orchards were considered fair game by the youth of the village and two orchards are harder to watch than one.

One day, looking from one orchard to the other, Turmut saw a small boy shin down a tree and, uttering a word of warning to another imp still up among the apples, ran off.

Turmut reached that tree in record time.

"Got yer this time!" he roared to the boy almost hidden among the leaves. "Come down!"

Getting no answer and not being in a hurry, he sat down and waited. Time passed, and still he waited, until a servant brought him a note that had just been dropped through the letter box. He did not wait after he had read it, as follows:

"Some people as apples, some as sense. You bin watchin' a pair of trowsers stuffed with straw, and we bin gettin' your apples from the other orchard. Grate victory for sense!"—London Answers.

WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

They Held Office and Could More Than Hold Their Own in Trade.

Women in England have always shared in the industrial life of the nation. Curiously enough, writes Mr. A. Abram in "English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages," a statute of 1363 that ordered men to keep to one trade left women free to practice as many as she chose.

In a few instances, at least, women in the later middle ages discharged duties and held office that do not fall to their lot nowadays. There are allusions to women burgesses in the records of London and other towns, and if women married aliens they could naturalize them.

Women did not shrink from engaging in foreign commerce. They exported goods to France, Spain and other countries. A widow, Margery Russell of Coventry, is mentioned in no less than three different existing documents. Her husband must have been on a fairly large scale, for she was rich in merchandise worth £300 by some men of Santander, in Spain. In order to recover herself for her losses she obtained letters of marque that empowered her to seize the goods belonging to contributors of the ransom.

Margery apparently took more than was due her, for two Spanish merchants lodged complaints against her. She was ordered to restore both ships, but one of the Spaniards declared that she had refused to do so although he had a commission directed to the exchequer. If Dame Margery Russell was a type, women traders of the middle ages were well able to look after themselves.

ORIGIN OF PERFUMES.

Used at First to Kill the Odors of Burning Flesh.

In the good old times the use of perfumes was originated to counteract the offensive odors arising from burning flesh which was being offered as a sacrifice. For this reason incense was always burned in the temples, and from that burning comes the literal significance of the word because which means "through the smoke."

Arabs have always been the land of perfumes, the "scents of Arabia" being classic. Lady Macbeth refers to "all the perfumes of Arabia" in her sleep walking agony when she fancies she cannot wash the smell of Duncan's blood from her hand.

While Arabia has most of the fame, it is undoubtedly a fact that to Egypt belongs most of the credit, for the art of perfuming was practiced there to its fullest extent. Even the embalmed dead were saturated with spices and scents which have retained their delightful aroma after thousands of years. It was from old Egypt that the Greeks and Romans learned the use of the still for extracting perfumes from plants and flowers. To this Roman love for perfumes no doubt as much as to her own habits was due the fact that Cleopatra's barge was so overwhelmingly scented. Shakespeare describes it with:

Purple the sails and so perfumed that
The winds were breath with them.
—Philadelphia Record.

Consolation.

A victim to hysterical grief over the death of her husband after forty years of an exceptionally happy wedded life grandma sat in her rocking chair moaning and weeping.

Little Robert (escaping from the usual watchful care of his nurse, "Aunt Mandy Sanderson," negress of 800 pounds or more, black as anything human could be, and a complete antidote to the refined, gracious and delicate grandma of sixty, whose grief her grandson would try to assuage)—"Please don't cry so, grandma," he pleaded, as he passed his little hand over her gray locks and with boundless sympathy in his tones. "I'm sure you can get another husband very soon. Why, even Aunt Mandy Sanderson had seven of them!"—New York Sun.

Took It Like a Philosopher.

One day Mrs. Jones rushed into the library to her husband with hasty steps and a wild look of excitement.

"Oh, John, oh, John!" she exclaimed, with a lot of emotional thrills. "Norah made a mistake and tried to light the kitchen fire with gasoline!"

"Gasoline, eh?" calmly responded John. "Did she get it started?"

"Did she get it started?" cried the amazed Mrs. Jones. "It blew her out the kitchen window!"

"That's all right, my dear," returned the philosophical Jones. "It was her afternoon out, anyway."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Not Very Funny.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?"

"I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds and then exclaimed, 'I don't think that's very funny.'"—London Telegraph.

It Would Be Proper.

"Would you," her inquisitive friend asked, "speak to a man without an introduction?"

"Well, I might. If, for instance, I were to squirt my grapefruit juice in his eyes I should certainly ask his pardon."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fashion's Poor Slave.

Willie—Paw, what is a slave to fashion? Paw—A man who has a wife and some grown daughters, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Gascogne.

Too Much For Him.

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man cannot answer," remarked Popleigh.

"What's the trouble now?" queried his friend Singleton.

"This morning," replied Popleigh, "my little boy asked me why men were sent to congress, and I couldn't tell him."—Chicago News.

MADE A SECRET PACT.

Yet in Some Way the Story Was Filled Loose, and Here It Is.

Horner Croy, the humbug, was visited the other day by Frank Smith, who had sold a story to a magazine and wanted some money right away. It was a \$300 word yarn. Croy agreed it would bring 7 cents a word, so he loaned Smith \$30 and Smith gave Croy the following agreement:

"Whereas, I, the undersigned, Frank L. Smith, being, to the best of my belief, in my right mind, do hereby bequeath, be- stow and otherwise make a free, gratis gift of any and all moneys that may be paid to me for a story entitled, 'Break- ing Up the Butch,' the facts of the case being as follows: Me, I, the party of the first part, having received writ- ten info. that the lady has decided to fall for my story, and, being broke, I have decided to discount my claim for fifty (\$50) bonus, cash money, to be paid me by said H. Croy. It is understood that it paid more than fifty I am to turn it all over to Croy without a murmur, yet I must never speak nor ad- vertise to the world that Croy has made this gift money. And, likewise, and by the same token, I shall keep his trap closed and make no reference in any way, shape, form, manner, lan- guage including the Roundabouts, or dialect, to the fact that he has made an error in judgment."

"Will you be satisfied with fifty?" asked Smith some weeks later. Croy thought a moment and then said, "Yes."

Before a witness the money was paid over but Croy still hung about. "I must be asked,"

"Would you mind telling me what you got for that yarn?"

"Sure you are satisfied?" asked Smith.

"Yes," said Croy.

"Well, I got \$25 for it," said Smith.

—New York World.

Discouragement.

What kills men is discouragement. It is sitting down under trouble that destroys them; it is standing up and making trouble that enables them to go through it without harm.

Too Rich For His Blood.

During the street car strike in Boston a few years ago the cars were put in charge of conductors who were far from exhibiting the courtesy and obliging manners of the regular men.

A lady signaled a car in Brookline, and as it stopped she said to the conductor, "Do you stop at the Do Swell hotel?"

"No, ma'am," he said with a grin, from exhibiting the courtesy and obliging manners of the regular men.

A lady signaled a car in Brookline, and as it stopped she said to the conductor, "Do you stop at the Do Swell hotel?"

"No, ma'am," said he, with a grin; "I can't afford to." And he gayly started the car homeward, leaving the lady agape with astonishment.—Youth's Companion.

A Fable.

A humorist who journeyed at night stopped at the House of a Friend.

"Welcome to Thee," said his friend. "Hast Thou had Aught to relieve Thy Hunger?"

"Verily, I have," replied the Humorist. "I have Fed on the Fat of the Land and the Sky. I stretched forth mine Hand and took the Dipper and filled it with Milk from the Milky Way; I placed it on some Ice from Ice-land and set it Down to cool. Then fetched I some Greens from Green-land and a Sandwich from the Sand- wich Islands. To this I added a Shank from Turkey, a Greaser from Greece and Butter from Moscow. Such was my Repast."

"Very good," said his friend. "I need not Disturb my Servants to bring Thee wherewith to Eat."

Moral.—All things are unvoiced to some people. And a humorist should be serious when there is a meal in it.—Puck.

Chinese Women at Theaters.

In order to prevent trouble the various Chinese theaters and musical houses are not permitted to sell tick- ets to Chinese visitors with their women folk. But as there are some for- eigners who wish to hear Chinese singing and music and always buy tickets for their wives and female friends and refuse to observe this rule, the owners of the musical houses and theaters petitioned the police about the matter. In reply the chief of the police said that as foreign men and women enjoy equal rights in their own countries and are permitted to make friends with each other without restriction they should not be treated in the same way as Chinese women and girls, so the owners are permitted to allow foreign women theater goers to sit together with their male friends, but Chinese females are still not al- lowed to enjoy the same privilege.—Peking Gazette.

Gold and Microbes.

Microbes are never found on gold coins, while paper money is an ideal home for them, and every old bill is a menace of disease. At the United States treasury in New York they believe the gold acts as a bactericide.

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The Secret of Baldness.

The actual condition of the scalp and of the hair has very much less to do with the health of the latter than is popularly supposed. The bulbs of the roots of the hair go down com- pletely through the skin and into the fatty layer which lies between it and the skull, and the thing that to the ex- act eye is really significant of the prospect as to progress or cure in a particular case of baldness is not the condition of color or cleanliness of the scalp, but the thickness or thinness of this fatty layer which underlies it. As long as this is present and the scalp is freely movable over the skull there is hope of restoring a reasonable growth of hair, but when this fat has been absorbed and the scalp really sticks as closely to the skull as the cover on a baseball the outlook is practically hopeless. This, of course, shows at once the futility of most of the local applications to and manipu- lations of the

But by far the greatest progress has been made in the application of material to sanitary and domestic uses. The sanitation by the public gas of the gas theory of disease has

of the salvation, the grateful heart
of the enraptured, the fortitude of
deliverance, the faith—Fletcher
Farrar.

**Children Gr
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTOR**

When he reached the spot where lunchen had been eaten he stood and looked down at her. Her face crimson, but she was smiling at him.

"How strong you are," she whispered, "to tear that tree up by

"I don't feel a bit older than I forty years ago," he declared.

"Don't go around making such silly boast," his wife begged. "I have told several of my friends that you are only five years older than I am."

Children Cry
FOR FLECHER'S
CASTORIA

"Do you desire to Marry my daughter? What have you ever done to deserve her?"

"Nothing, if you put it on that ground, I thought you might possibly be wondering why I didn't mention the other."

